



Class 122

Book 2

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**First Printed: December, 1918**

JAN 30 1919

# Doughboy Dope

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*from A to Z*

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NEW YORK  
FRANK K. KANE COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

1526  
.2  
R83

## MILITARY COURTESIES

The authors salute the reader (in two counts) and present their compliments.

In case he should wish to have it, the information is submitted that one of us is now located at Camp Custer, Mich.; the other at Fort Hancock, New Jersey, where he is night editor (i. e., when off duty) of the post magazine.

We met through being in the same Army. Otherwise we might never have got acquainted!

(Corporal) M. T. KOPSCO,

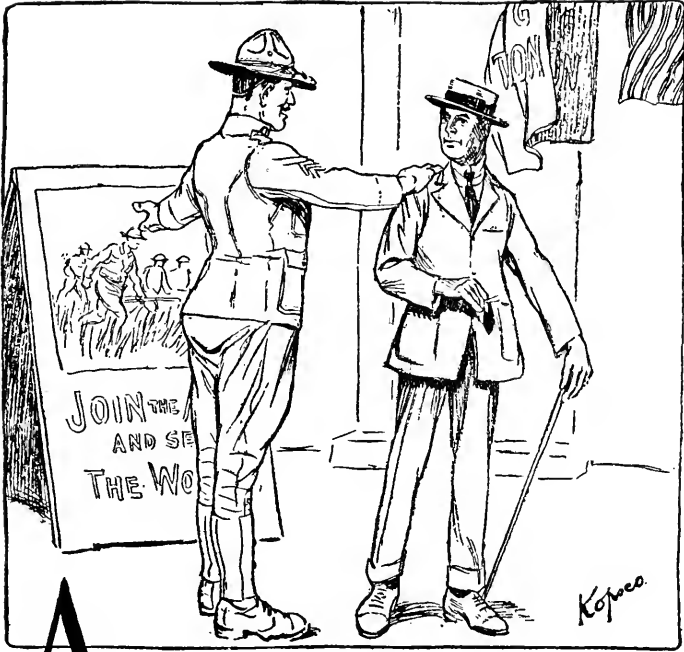
(Sergeant) D. G. ROWSE.

*To The Boys*

*and their friends  
and relatives*

*The General Public*





A





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**A** is the ARMY at that stage of your young life when you were on what the Army calls "the outside." You were still wearing suspenders, and going around looking at things over the top of a linen collar. If you had been told that Czyerznski only ducked a spell in the jug by hand-shaking with the top-kick due to going AWOL, and that they handed him six K. P.'s anyway, and a week on old guard, you couldn't have passed on the merits of the case. In fact, when those posters about seeing the world got you, you were so green as to be practically invisible on the parade ground. Hitherto your only acquaintance with Reveille was wondering how to spell it; and until they made you stand it occasionally, Retreat meant the same to you as it does to von Hindenburg.

But by the time your new shoes, russet (as they are described on your clothing slip) were through squeaking, you had learned quite a bit, and some of it is shown in the following pages.





B



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**B** stands for Bunk Fatigue—the only kind of fatigue that is really popular. No one enthuses over the other kinds, but Bunk Fatigue is always tackled with a rush. Everything tends to fall flat in a barrack, you might say, including the occupants. After all, this is a very horizontal war.

Bunk Fatigue is not to be confused with official unconsciousness, following “lights out.” It is not recognized in Army Regulations or Standing Orders. Particularly Standing Orders. It simply fits into odd chinks in the day that the schedule-makers have overlooked. It is grabbed off. That makes it all the more desirable.

Severe sunburn, fore and aft, is the only thing that will keep the fellows walking around in leisure moments.







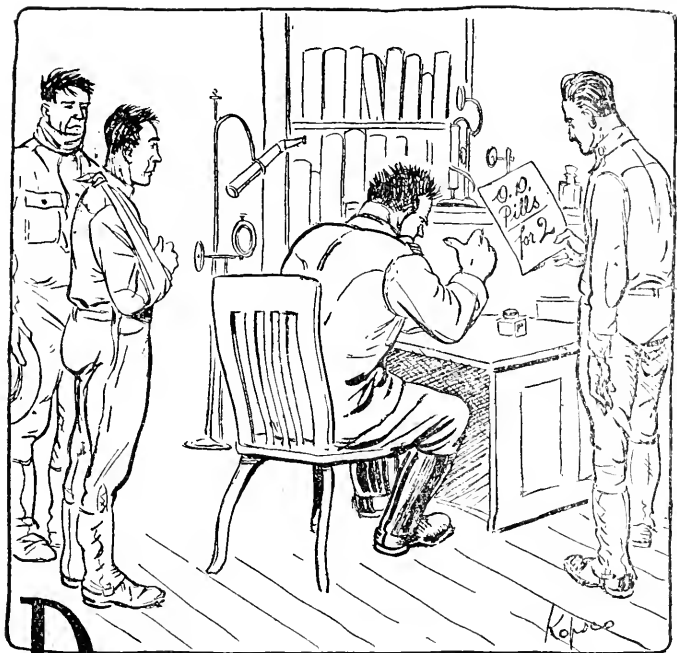


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**C** is the art of spending 24 hours dopping out the attire in which you will leave the camp on the pass you have coming. Yes, Camouflage is the word. There is depicted on the preceding page an authentic specimen of the species "week-end officer," who while on duty, is always an emphatic private, but whose barrack bag always contains a garrison cap, linen collar, spiral or leather puttees, and sundry other aids to a 36-hour commission. The boys don't mind him, and he figures that folks on the outside are not on.

Characteristics: Intimate knowledge of Army Regulations on questions of uniform, and a marked dislike of Military Police. Habitat: Some Gay White Way, either in New York or wherever he happens to be.





D



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**D** is the Army Doctor, who is a skeptic by habit. After one treatment any desire you may have had to put your name in at sick call is lessened. The Army way is a kind of pooling of the ailments of the bunch that show up at sick call, and the Medical Corps orderly sees to it that you get the other fellow's throat gargle and he gets your O. D. pills. But you find yourself feeling better even before the medical looey has asked you what "**your** trouble is" and he speeds up your convalescence by marking you "Duty" on the sick report. "Duty" amounts to the Scotch verdict of "Not Proven."

Missouri has produced more Army doctors than any state in the Union.





F





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**E** is an Enemy you can't beat. Look at his hands, anyway! His insignia is an idle pick or a shovel that isn't doing anything, and he comes at you in as many ways as there are Army Regulations. Old von Fatigue is liable to infilade you before the ink is dry on your enlistment papers, and even before you have drawn your first set of woolen O. D.'s, and he keeps after you right along. His specialty is breaking up any detachments that are supported only by their bunks.

Though disguised in a suit of blue denims, he is none other than our old friend of civilian days, Hard Work, who has simply got himself a *nom de guerre*. The worst of it is (while on a painful topic), that the mysterious George, who did the things you didn't do yourself on the outside doesn't seem to have enlisted in this man's army. The scared individuals in the picture think they are ducking Fatigue, and that some one else will "front and center" for the road manicuring, shoveling, mopping and hefting required to keep the place in which we like to call "good police." But leave it to von Fatigue and the top-cutter.





F



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**F** is for First Call, to wit, that moment when the cheery notes of the bugle, welcoming the new day, acquaint you of duty to be done, and you spring lightly from your bunk, without delay or repining, as indicated in the illustration. Or, if you like, First Call is the state of affairs preceding assembly, where you are assisted in answering "Yo!" to your name by the fortunate knowledge of where it comes on the company roster. Anyway, you manage to express yourself as being present.

Sherman undoubtedly stood Reveille.





G





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G is for Generals, with whom we are intimately acquainted—through the Sunday supplements. Of course there must be generals in the Army, but you never see them around. A man we know says his former C. O. claimed he once was balled out by General Pershing, and that the Gen. finally said that he would let the matter drop but for the C. O. not to let it happen again and all like that, just like a regular guy. This man we know got it from a guy who was there at the time and saw the General and everything. But you can't believe all you hear. This man has the reputation of being a terrible liar, anyway. It was probably he who started the yarn about the General who made the 2nd looey return the 100 salutes (or whatever the number was) that he was making the private do for not having seen him or something.

That is the advantage of Generals. You can pull something like the above about one, and get away with it. With Colonels it's different. You do sometimes meet a Colonel.





II

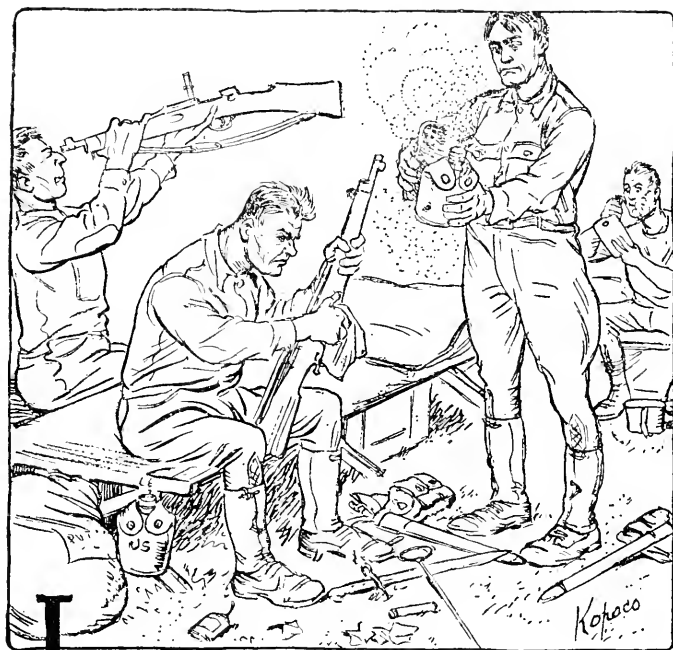


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**H**is for Hikes. Announcement that they are going to have one is the only thing that can make the whole company willing to go on the sick report. They figure that if they aren't on it the day before the hike, they will be the day after. All they are trying to do is save time. And there is always the chance of the Medical looey marking you "Quarters" by mistake.

I. Newton could have got on without the apple, if he had been allowed to go on just one hike. But he would have had to explain in his definition that the Army pack is an exception to the general rule about falling objects. Its weight increases out of all proportion after about the fifth mile, whatever Doc Newton claims, especially when accompanied by a regulation Springfield and Red Cross sox. It is said that the U. S. Army carries an outfit, in full marching order, that is 7 lbs. lighter than the Germans'. If that is really the case, their appeals to Gott are justified.





I





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**I**s Inspection. Not merely foot inspection, or mouth inspection, or T. B. inspection, or any of the other minor inspections, but the regular Saturday morning inspection, when a half-burnt Mecca under your bunk, in conjunction with the C. O. having had a bad night, will put you out of luck for a pass, or worse. About one week with nothing else to do would be a fair time in which to collect all the things that you are taking care of for the Government, and getting them in good shape. But they mostly rely on two hours or so on Friday evenings, when pieces of rag you were sure were in your barrack bag ain't, and oil and shoe polish are in demand. (Rust in a rifle barrel is a thing company commanders get very temperamental over.)

There is this to be said in favor of inspection, though. Guys who otherwise only regard the matter tentatively have to take a shave, and the appearance of the facial landscape is much improved thereby.





J



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**J** is the Jug, otherwise known as the can, the pen or the mill. We don't claim inside knowledge of this particular subject, in spite of the attitude conveyed in conversations of this sort:

Party of the 1st Part (modestly): "Yeh, I did three months at Camp. . . ."

Party of the 2nd Part (deferentially): "Uh, huh."

P. of the 1st P.: "Yeh. And believe me, bo, they didn't rub it into yuh. Fierce."

P. of the 2nd P.: "Yeh? Well, I was in for 12 months at Leavenworth—Uh?—Yeh. I took the blame for what another guy done, and. . . ."

The non-com who oversees the detailing of the occupants of the Jug on their daily fatigues runs W. Hohenzollern close in the world's popularity contest. But on the whole visitors in the Jug take things with a great deal of philosophy.





K





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**K** is for K. P.—the private's idea of non-essential industry, and a fine chance to get advance knowledge of Hades, as the Harvard professor with whom we first peeled onions expressed it. Among other things you try to solve as a Kitchen Cop is how a guy can be as mean as a Mess Sergeant without waking up in the night and being frightened at himself. It isn't easy, either, to figure what becomes of the spuds you peel. Some get eaten, of course, but what do they do with the others?

The Kitchen Police have had a lot of publicity in this war. And they deserve it. Even the most aristocratic job the kitchen has to offer—that is, "pearl diving," or the operation of recovering the crockery from the bottom of 2 feet of "water" in the sink—is no fun if you do it 24½ hours a day, to which the work schedule in the kitchen has lately been reduced by a special order of the War Department. Publicity is all right, but nobody likes it via the bulletin board where they post the K. P. roster.





L



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**L** is for Cooties. We leave you to figure how the connection is established. They, or it, are not, or is not, in themselves, or itself, a court martial offense. Regulations simply state that strict personal cleanliness is "enjoined," and the fact is that cooties don't flourish until you get nearer the front line, where other things matter a whole lot more. Of course, some New York cootie may visit the war and get away with it, or parts of it, but public opinion is so strong in the Army on the subject of providing free transportation of this sort that the cootie's chance is slim.

For the scientifically inclined, it is noted that, according to the location of the phenomenon it is described either as "leaping dandruff" or "shirt rats."



Kopaco



M





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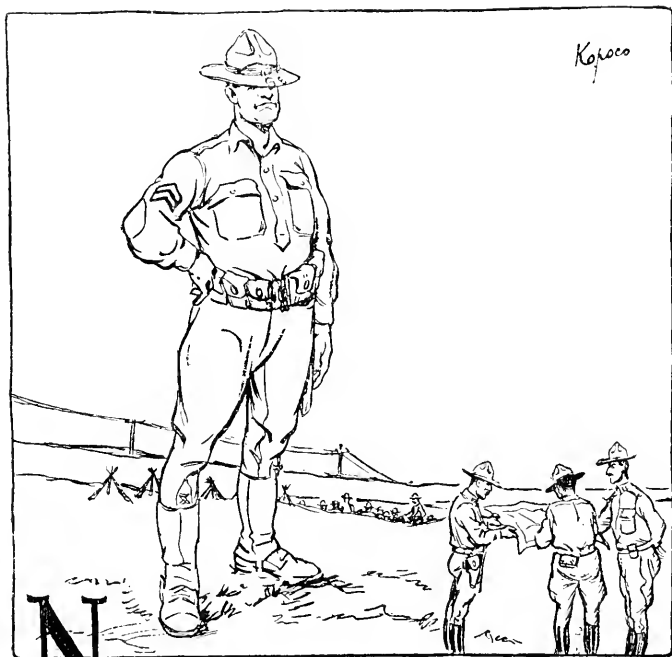
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**M** is the Mess Hall, where, as the poet  
has said

“....the pinch primeval rules  
And closest friendship cools.”

In other words, “the Arm with the Reach Wins.” - In the Mess Hall almost everything goes, and especially the chow. Chow inspires the everlasting hope of every man in the Army, but often furnishes merely another excuse for cussing the Kaiser. When they get their husbands back from the Government wives will have no reason to worry as far as meals are concerned. All they will have to do is remember to spill coffee over their ex-soldiers occasionally, and say “Out o’ luck, kid!” if they ask for more of something. That, and keeping the victrola playing during family mess, will help the returned hubbies feel at home.





N



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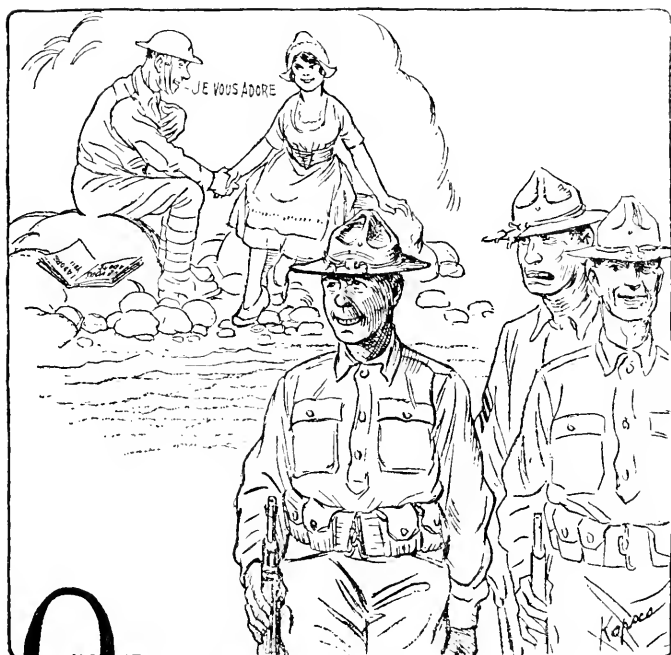
**N** is the newly made non-com. This picture has been carefully drawn to scale, and represents a corporal who has just returned from the company tailor after getting his chevron fixed, in proportion to some officers who only scraped through West Point. As you can see, he crowds the landscape quite a bit. He is considerably It.

Whoosis's famous dictum about non-commissioned officers being the back-bone of any army strikes you as reasonable at this stage of your military career. (Whatzat has an equally famous one about commissioned officers being the same thing, and Whatzisname has one about the private being the back-bone of the army, but what do Whatzat and Whatzisname amount to anyway?)

Bursting through the undergrowth into a corporalcy not only lets you out of K. P. but also helps you shake loose an extra three bucks from the Disbursing Officer, and competition among the would-be graduates is as keen as a bayonet. Hard work will help you along in that direction, but the fast service route to the stripes is always thought to be a congenial intimacy with the topper.

Having worn them elsewhere is no qualification.





0





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**O** is "Over There," where everyone lives, in imagination, from the moment the Medical Corps officer at the recruiting station admits, against his evident wishes, that you are O. K. But everybody has not the same chance of getting there. George M. Cohan went and signed the Kaiser's final papers when he wrote "Over There," and all that worries the boys on this side is whether they would have the chance to give George a proper backing.

Much perfectly good thought is devoted, in the meantime, to figuring what you will do on the other side, if, as, and when, and whenever (as our company lawyer put it) you get there. Of course the war is bound to claim some of your time, but that can't be the reason for the big rush on the French classes at the Y. War is the same in any language, and all 12-inch shells have approximately the same accent. But there are other things "Over There" beside the war. Maize oo-ee, bo! Maize oo-ee!







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**P** is Pay Day, which in France must be a terrific strain on the boys. It is bad enough on this side straightening up your financial affairs at the end of the month. There are so many things to remember, such as,

2 beans to Red;

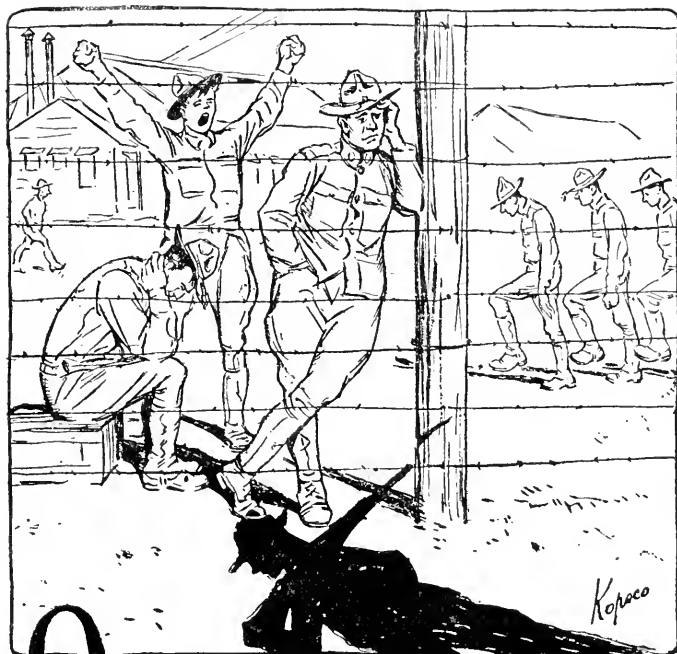
75c. to the tailor, for converting your extra blouse, which was a trifle large, into a mackinaw;

Collect 5 from Benneh Goldberg, who is active in games of chance, and usually works on borrowed capital;

Find the guy in the 8th Company who had the two berries coming from Buck-Eye. Buck-Eye desires that you fix it for him, and he will see you right.

Figuring whether the Q. M. has made the right deductions for your canteen checks, family allotment, Liberty Loan subscription, pool, barber and the other company fund charges, and for the dish you broke the last time you were on K. P. (in addition to taking care of the more personal items) is quite some job right here. It must be fierce to owe money in another language.





Q





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Q is for Quarantine—an opportunity the Army gives you from time to time to consider in detail whether your life has been all that it might have been, and whether the war will be over soon, and whether they will have ham again for dinner, and whether Gladys is still crazy about you (no mail having been delivered), and—well, everything there is to consider. You can take your time about it, too. Time is no object, because there is nothing to do. People are reduced to talking about the war. There are no passes, no movies, no shows at the Y, owing to the risk of your catching something, no bunk fatigue, because you have to put your bedding outside to air and leave it there all day, no drills, no newspapers, no anything. In fact, nothing. When you are not suspecting your bunkies of having the flu, you are wondering whether any of your relatives are having it. Finally you start hoping they are and that one will get it bad enough to send a wire for you to “come at once.” Such is the effect of Quarantine!

The only forms of recreation in quarantine are saving money and growing a mustache.





R



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**R**is for Rookie, who will positively search, if you ask him, for the key to the parade ground, or ten feet of skirmish line. He believes that pup-tents must have something to do with the Dogs of War, and he spends the time he has between K. P., fatigues and room orderly wondering who wakes the guy that blows reveille. He finds a Springfield is no toothpick, though he often jabs the fellow in the same file with it. "On right into line" and "Right front into line" are as one in his dismal existence. He wonders what they will stick him for the "blouse and breeches, C. O. D." he is told to get from the Supply Sergeant, and somehow is always the man for whom they had no clothes that would fit. His buttons are never all there, and if they are there they are never all buttoned. He goes around looking like a successful strategic retreat. People pick on him. Sergeants like him with the same strong affection anyone has for a month's restriction.

But there is this much about the Rookie:  
You were one once.





S





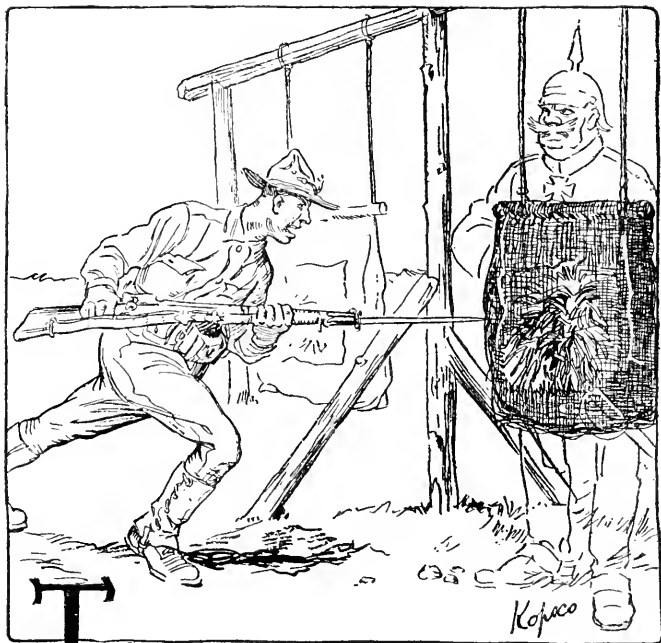
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**S** is for Slacker—the (we hope) fictitious character who nevertheless is liable to invade your imagination after cold hot cakes, without butter, some morning when you are quarantined and the mail hasn't shown up for some days.

But for the most parts goats are loosed not so much by those on the outside as by the Army slackers, such as the Mess Hall Slacker, who never holds up an empty dish for the K. P. to fill unless you get the goods on him. This bird has another plan that is even worse. He can gauge the chow that will be left in the dish after he takes his so exactly that the amount is not a regular portion, but is just too much to kick about, and he has you spending the rest of the meal on a flat wheel, so to speak, holding up the dish and waiting in vain for the kitchen constable. He may not be much at target practice, this guy, but he has some eye in the mess hall, all right. He is liked like sand in the soup. Next in the hearts of his victims is the guy who won't take a shave unless he is going on pass, who, in turn, is rivalled by the mean person who refuses to buy the camp magazine because he isn't mentioned (or is mentioned!) inside of it. But the guy that has them all skinned admits that he never writes home to his folks unless they send him the postage.





T



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**T**is for the Target, an apparatus that is approximately like a gallows in appearance but which also reminds you of the tackling dummy with which a football team learns to take 'em off by the ankles. A British sergeant usually goes with it, and beginners gather from his remarks that the German warrior is an undesirable person.

Bayonet practise lacked something before the Yanks got hold of it. The minute they were introduced to it, it was realized that there is no reason why it should be a gloomy affair. If you are going to get a guy between the 5th and 6th ribs you might as well keep his mind pleasantly occupied and have everything as cheerful as possible. So the charge with fixed bayonets has been vocalized. The best bayonet fighters now work in the key of "C." And many a guy who was a bear for yelling on the college campus finds himself out-yodelled by some meek individual who couldn't even whisper in civil life, if his wife was around.





U





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U is the Uniform that originates in the Q. M. Clothing Room, which you enter with ideas about being a military Beau Brummel and leave feeling as though you had been to Moe Levy's. "The Army is the Army" you tell yourself, "and I can't expect to be quite so particular as I am with my own tailor," and finally you emerge with the only one they have left of that particular garment. And you find your uniform fits you just as much as the Supply Sergeant is truthful. It is no use arguing with him, either. If you try to get him admitting the general idea that clothes ought to fit, even if you call them a uniform, he gasses you into insensibility with talk about his "tables of fundamental allowances" and about someone having doped the "tariff" wrong. In fact he can counter attack so strongly that you feel lucky to get a re-issued hat-cord, when what you want is a winter overcoat.

Keeping your uniform in one place, and the right place, is almost as much trouble as getting it, the rookie finds. When he thinks he presents an unbroken front, some sergeant he has never been introduced to or anything will come along and break it to him that his U. S. collar button is on the wrong side, that orders of the day call for shoes, marching, instead of the field dogs he is wearing, and 'that match sticks for holding buttons in place don't go.





V



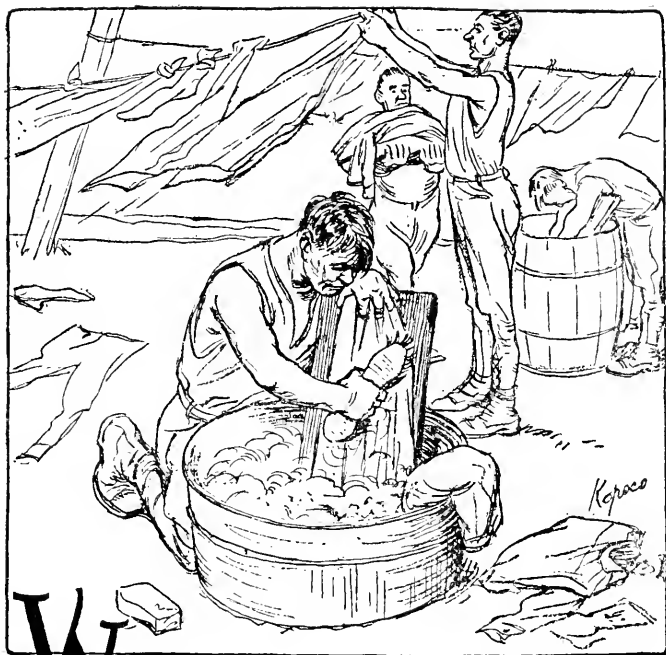
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**V**are the Visitors who never show up. Never, that is, unless you are on K. P., or old guard, or temporarily resident in the can. They like to drop in on you on the assumption that surely the guards wouldn't hold them up after their coming all that distance, and bringing that cake and everything. The pass that you got for them, signed by the top sergeant, and your company commander, and the Adjutant, and a few others, and which you mailed special delivery, didn't reach them in time, but they thought they would come anyway. Then the first you hear (after not hearing) is they are in camp, and a good Samaritan in another company has taken it on himself to let them know about your being on K. P., and brings you a message saying they will wait for you at the Y. M. C. A., and for you to hurry up. Then you get other messages, in between dishing out the coffee and bringing in a ton or two of coal, saying they won't be able to make the train home if it is after 5 o'clock when you are through; (later) that all is well, after all, and that you can take your time as they have arranged to stay some place over-night, and then—they show up in person and claim you, blue denims and all, and give the bunch something to josh you over for the rest of your enlistment.

Visitors are a gruelling delight.





W





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**W**is Wash Day—a contingency faced with the same heroic resignation as going over the top, and for the same reason, both being inevitable necessities. You can spend a pleasant half hour polishing your shoes and scrubbing your best pair of leggins, this activity being the sign of an approaching pass. Something has to be conceded to the public—everyone realizes that. But washing an undershirt suggests putting on evening dress for dinner on a raft. Or, like buying a subway ticket and walking home. It seems uncalled for.

Worse, if possible, than wash day is the only alternative—the camp laundry. (They don't have a laundry in some camps, which is like not having the influenza, or not stubbing your toe.) The official laundry treats you very officially. They are impartial, particularly about shirts. A shirt may be vital to you, but to them it is simply a garment.

"The times I sent you are but few  
Not more than four, it seems to me,  
But never once did you return O. K.  
My Launderie! My Launderie!"

In other words, a camp laundry can't figure why you kick, when they did return a shirt (somebody's shirt) in your package, particularly when you admit that you got the right bed-sack and a fair percentage of right socks.





X



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**X** is for the Excuse you offer, proving conclusively (as you can see by the top sergeant's expression) that

You didn't hear the gun;

You are sure they blew reveille ten minutes ahead of time;

You told Kiseilowski to tell him (the topper) about your having been working for that looey in the 23rd Company and that he (the 2nd Lute) said for you not to stand reveille and it would be O. K.;

You would sooner do five extra K. P.'s than four week's restriction, if it is all the same to the topper.

Excuses are useful as a conversational ornament, even if they don't get you anywhere. They come in handy to explain something you didn't do, and if you hand out a perfect alibi they figure there must be something fishy about it and stick you with some "charge of quarters." Then when you have done something, you don't mention the excuse, and the C. O. comes to the conclusion that you are not one of the alibi gang and that maybe you didn't do it and that he will overlook it anyway. In other words it is good to have an excuse with you, if you don't tell anyone about it.





Y





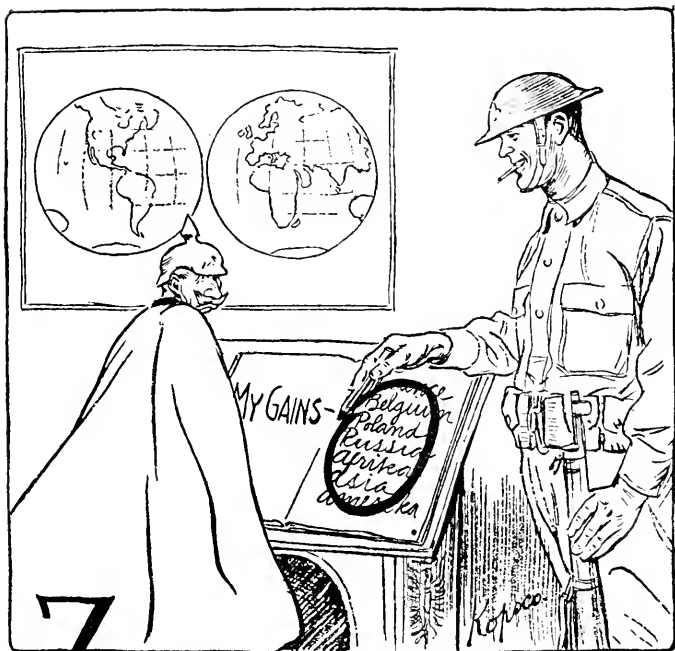
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**Y** is the Yanks, accredited representatives of Uncle Sam at the late lamented international rough-house. Anyone who has seen a considerable number together knows why they are Yanks, and nothing else, especially not "Sammies." At Chateau Thierry, where they warmed up before a rather anxious crowd, and at St. Mihiel, when the machine got running smoothly, they proved to the world what it means to rouse a bunch fed on beans and bacon.

Specialty: Taking towns and learning to pronounce 'em later.





Z



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**Z** is for Zero—the Kaiser's net gains. This picture carries its own moral and simply illustrates that it is all right to get a place in the sun, as long as you don't try to hog the whole stoop. Bill Hohenzollern started well, but his control was poor. And he was no good at all at keeping luncheon engagements. In brief, he was a good deal of a pest, and nearly beat out Nero as history's prize bad actor.

But he couldn't "stand the gaff"; the crowd wasn't with him, and so, finally, he has reached his own royal Zero Hour.











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